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THE
YOUNG EMANCIPATOR:

A FREETHOUGHT MAGAZINE,

Edited by Dr. Arthur Allbutt.

“THE GODS THAT BE, SPRUNG FROM THOSE WHO EXIST NO LONGER.”—Rig Vêda.

“THY WORK IS TO HEW DOWN*** PUT NERVE INTO THY TASK.”—J. G. Whittier.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

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| HUME, VOLNEY, MARTINEAU. |

| BRUNO. |

| SPINOZA. |

*Those who can read the signs of the times, read in them that the kingdom of
MAN is at hand.*—PROF. CLIFFORD.

MAN,

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NOTABLE OPINIONS.

I like your MAN. He is bright, crisp, frank, genial, gay, jolly, profound—in fact, “every inch a MAN.” Accept congratulations on your success in making so good a MAN first time trying. He is a splendid fellow. Bless you, how the ladies will love him! A more charming MAN I never met. Indeed, I don’t see how you can improve him.

W. F. JAMIESON.

I rejoice in your paper because of its all-sidedness. It is not for temperance especially, nor for Communism, but for MAN.

MARY DANA SHINDLER.

The title and contents I am much pleased with. They are equally creditable to your heart and head as a progressive thinker.

CHAS E. TOWNSEND.

No. 1 MAN received, and I am delighted with it. The title, its mottoes, and its general “make-up,” are all that could be desired.

DYER D. LUM.

It is well gotten up in a mechanical point of view, and contains good articles from many familiar pens—*Truthseeker*.

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Vol. I.

February, 1879.

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CAVES : THEIR LEGENDS, HISTORY, AND CONTENTS.

BY H. A. ALLBUTT, L.R.C.P., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

VOLCANIC CAVES.

WHO has not heard of a volcano, that wonderful mountain which vomits forth fire, smoke, ashes, and stones? Most people are familiar with such a mountain, for every picture-book has impressed its form on the memory from the earliest days of youth.

Suppose, now, you were in Italy, Sicily, or Iceland, you would naturally desire, above all things, to visit the volcano or burning-mountain of the country. What a treat it would be ! how you would revel in Nature's secrets !

As you drew near to the mountain, it would assume the shape of a sugar-loaf with its top cut off. A cloud of white smoke would be seen to rise from the summit if an eruption was going shortly to take place. Perhaps there would be slight tremblings of the ground at the base of the mountain, and now and again curious groaning sounds or sharp reports would be heard proceeding from the bowels of the earth.

Do not be frightened, but ascend with me the steep mountain sides. Let us suppose the volcano visited to be

Vesuvius, near Naples, in Italy. The first part of our journey would be pleasant enough : our road would wind through vineyards and gardens, with here and there the villa of some wealthy Italian to enliven the scene.

Shortly the landscape changes. We leave the vegetation of the lower ground behind, and enter on a desolate region of sharp, loose stones and ashes. Other portions of the slopes are covered with black sheets of rock, which look like the slags from an iron furnace. There is now no vegetation to be seen ; all is dry and scorched.

A little higher up, and puffs of smoke come out of the ground, also suffocating vapours. You find, too, that the leather of your boots is beginning to suffer from the great heat of the ground on which you tread.

Now we have reached the top, and a splendid panorama is spread out below—Naples and its Bay, and numerous Italian villages, all glistening in the hot sunshine. But beautiful as is the far-reaching view, it we have not come to see, but rather has our journey been to explore the secrets of the wonderful mountain on which we now stand.

The top is not a flat plain, as it appeared from below, but is a great hollow, like a basin, with very steep sides going down into the heart of the mountain. This hollow is called the crater.

Hot and noxious gases are ascending from it ; but hold your breath, and creep to the edge of the basin, and look down into the depths of the mountain. An extraordinary sight meets your gaze. Far down below, surrounded by various coloured cliffs, is a liquid pool, not a pool of transparent water, but of liquid fire. There it lies, glowing like an angry eye. Sometimes, however, floating on its surface is a black scum, which bears an appearance to the slag-like rock we passed on our ascent.

Wait a little, and behold a wonder. Out of the fiery pool, at intervals, red-hot liquid material is jerked with great force ; now and again stones, ashes, and fine dust are thrown into the air, falling back again upon the glowing surface. The cloud which you saw from below hanging over the mountain's summit, you now see to be steam, which is rising from the liquid fire at the bottom of the crater.

The liquid matter which you behold is melted rock, and

is called *lava*. The dust, ashes, and stones which are thrown up are torn from the bottom and sides of the crater by the force of explosions.

Let us trust that the volcano will not become very active whilst we are on the summit ; for at intervals terrific eruptions will take place. Most of you have read of the fearful eruption which took place about 1800 years since, when two cities—Herculaneum and Pompeii—were totally destroyed by the mountain on which we now are. No such terrific eruption has taken place since that time ; but still Vesuvius is active, and shows the world that it has an immense amount of mischief-working power in it.

The lava will boil over the sides of the crater, and run down the slopes, destroying everything in its course. It will then harden, and form a slag-like rock.

All volcanoes act more or less in a similar manner. Such mountains are situated in various parts of the world, not only in Europe, but in America and Asia. In ancient times volcanoes were active in North Wales, some of the Western Islands of Scotland, and in Ireland. We know this from the existence of lava-beds which may be met with in those parts of the British Isles.

Now, in those regions where volcanoes exist, or have existed, caves have been formed in one of two ways. Lava, when in a molten state, will sometimes force its way from the bowels of the earth, or from the sides of the volcanic mountains, through cracks, widening the cracks, and thus forming caves of greater or lesser size.

The stream of melted lava, as it flows from the summit of the volcano, or is forced from the ground, often contains within it steam and various gases, which, not being able to escape, form cavities in the lava, which, when it cools, remain as small chambers in the lava-substance

Rain and wind, acting upon such cavities, in course of time still further enlarge their area, and alter their form.

Volcanic caves, however, are not very important, and, as a rule, are not very large. In Europe the chief ones are found in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, Etna, and Hecla. A few also are known in Teneriffe.

I trust the above description of a volcano and its mighty forces will encourage many of my readers to endeavour to

learn more for themselves. Nothing is more interesting than the study of Nature. The mind learns to love her in all her aspects, whether preservative or destructive. To young and old science should be a pleasure. A scientific education will do much to emancipate mankind from error, and to banish for ever from the world all teachings not founded on Nature and her laws.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT.

WHAT is the use of kings, mother?
 And what do we have them for?
 They spend the money, and claim the land,
 While people who work are poor;
 And they never seem to have been much good,
 For I find, in my history through,
 That to tax and oppress the people who toiled
 Was all that they seemed to do.

I read last night of a prince, who calls
 So much of the land his "own"
 That he cannot ride it round in a day,
 And his riches are quite unknown.
 Arthur says, "Things were always so;"
 But still I can't see why
 They must be so to the end of time,
 And thousands of hunger die.

Don't you think the people are like Frank's horse,
 When he kicked it, and called it fun?
 If it only had known of its power and strength,
 Master Frank would have had to run.
 I shall think of these things, mother, when I'm a man,
 For I don't understand them quite;
 But I fancy these kings, with their knowledge and power,
 Could surely make everything right.

E. M. RELTON.

POLITICAL ECONOMY FOR BEGINNERS.

BY C. R. DRYSDALE, M.D., &c.,
President of the "Malthusian League."
(Continued from Page 156.)

ON DISTRIBUTION.

AFTER having briefly studied the production of wealth, we are about to say a few words about its distribution.

The laws of the distribution of wealth differ in one respect from the laws of its production ; they depend much more upon human institutions than the laws of production. Mr. Mill notices this, and remarks that the laws which regulate the producing of wealth are similar to those which regulate physical phenomena.

Whatever man produces must necessarily be produced in a fixed and certain manner, and according to the properties of external nature. This is not the case in the distribution of wealth, for, when once commodities have been produced, men, either collectively or individually, may do what they please with them. Hence the distribution of wealth depends upon the laws which are in force in different countries and at different periods of history. This shows clearly the fallacy of many writers on Socialism, who allege that the laws discovered by political economists only apply to a society founded on private property and competition. The laws of distribution, it is true, only apply to such a state ; but the laws of production, and, among them, the laws of human increase, and the increase of agricultural products, apply to all states of society.

Whoever knows well the laws which, in a society constituted like our own, under the custom of free competition, regulate the rent, profits, and wages which the proprietors, capitalists, and labourers receive where these three classes are completely separated, will not have the least difficulty in understanding the quite different laws which regulate the

distribution of the produce among the classes interested in it, in a different industrial system, such as Communism or Socialism, of any form whatsoever.

Wherever the institution of private property exists (as is the case among all modern societies) the whole of the produce is divided, first of all, between the classes who possess the instruments for the production of wealth, and, consequently, *their* consent is necessary in order that production may go on.

The requisites of production being three—labour, capital, and material objects, or land—the whole produce is first of all divided between the productive labourers, the capitalists, and the landlords. No other class receives anything, unless by a concession from them. The rest of the community is maintained at their expense, giving, in return for what they receive, if they get anything at all, only unproductive services. Hence, in political economy, these three classes are considered as composing the whole community.

In Great Britain the labourers, the capitalists, and landowners form, as a rule, three separate classes, the interests of which are, in most respects, opposed to each other. It must not be supposed, however, that this system, which is so full of disadvantages for the labourers, is necessary, or even that it is generally found to exist in most of the countries of Europe. The very contrary is the case, for there are only two or three European countries where these classes are distinct.

England and Scotland, with some parts of Holland and Belgium, are almost the only European States where the land, capital, and agricultural labour are in the hands of distinct persons.

In general, two of these requisites of production, at least, are possessed by one person. When there are slaves, or, again, when the peasants are proprietors of their own land, the three agents of production are in the hands of one person; whilst in the cases of the *métayers* of Italy, the cottier tenant of Ireland, or the *ryot* of Hindostan, these agents belong to two different persons. The system of peasant proprietorship exists in a great extent in the Northern countries of America, especially in the United States, and

in parts of the Continent of Europe. This is the most common tenure in France, in Switzerland, in Norway, in Sweden, in Denmark, and in large parts of Belgium, Italy, and Germany, as well as in our Channel Islands. In France, the number of proprietors of land is estimated at considerably over five millions; whilst in England there are only some hundred thousand or fewer proprietors, on account of the enormous extent of the holdings of some of the nobility and gentry, due to the pernicious laws of primogeniture and entail, and to the great expense of the transfer of landed property in England, which is a disgrace to our country.

The system of *métayers*, which is found in many parts of Italy and Piedmont, exhibits the proprietor in possession of the land and the capital, whilst the tenant furnishes the labour, and in this case the produce is divided between these two parties, each of them, as a rule, receiving one half of it. In the case of the cottier tenantry of Ireland, and of the Hindoo ryot, and generally throughout Asia, the land belongs to the proprietor, whether that is a private owner or the Government; and the labour and small capital are the property of the cultivator of the soil.

In manufacturing industry, on the other hand, there are never more than two classes between whom to divide the produce—*i.e.*, the labourers and the capitalists. Although custom has made these two separate classes in England and other countries, especially in the greater enterprises of industry, the two classes are not *necessarily* separate ones.

Many persons look forward with pleasure to the time when the actual system of manufacturing industry will be replaced by associations of workpeople, either with capital of their own, or with the collaboration of capitalists, all interested in the undertaking.

Mr. J. S. Mill observes that, unless the military despotism, which is triumphant at present on the Continent of Europe should succeed in its nefarious attempt to destroy the progress of mankind in liberty and well-being, there is scarcely any room for doubt but that the condition of workers for hire is tending to become limited only to such labourers whose inferior degree of moral qualifications render them unfit for greater independence.

There is every reason to hope that the relations between masters and workpeople tend to become replaced by associations under one or the other of the two following forms: in some cases, and temporarily, by associations between workmen and capitalists; in other cases, and finally universally, by co-operative associations of workpeople.

Mr. Henry Fawcett, in a meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Social Science at Cambridge, expressed his opinion, that the recent more frequent occurrence of strikes was due to the increased intelligence of the labouring classes in this country, to their greater capacity for combination, and to the unfortunate position held at present by masters towards their workmen, which renders them more or less separate classes, with pecuniary interests entirely opposed to each other. Consequently, persons who desire the welfare of the masses of mankind will look with hope to the results of those various strikes which have of late years attracted so much attention in this country.

There are not wanting examples to show that combinations between capitalists and workmen, or between workmen themselves, may prove eminently successful. Such combinations are found among the miners in Cornwall, bands of whom are wont to make contracts with the owner of the mine to work it for so much per pound of ore extracted, estimated according to its value in the market. In Paris such a system has occasionally been eminently successful. In the case of a house painter, M. Leclair, who ceded to his workmen a part of the profits of his undertakings, the greatest benefit was found to follow, both to the master and to the morals and well-being of the workmen employed.

This case is one cited by M. Michel Chevalier as occurring as long ago as 1842; and since that date numerous examples of a like kind have been afforded, especially in England, since the creation of the law of limited liability, and in France, where another law of partnership, called *commandite*, is prevalent, which allows of workmen having shares in the enterprise in which they are engaged.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE *VERSUS* SUPERSTITION.

ANCIENT forms of thought are fading
From the world's advancing life ;
Brighter lamps, the gloom pervading,
Guide us thro' the tangled strife.

Theologic faiths are sinking ;
Born from fancies based on air ;
Born from barbarous modes of thinking ;
Born from anguish, grief, despair.

Think what havoc Eastern fables,
Nursed by rival ranks, have done !
Then survey the ocean cables
Welding nations into one !

Place the wond'rous revelations
Gain'd of laws for ages veil'd,
Side by side with priests' orations
On a captive God impaled !

Franklin, Watt, and Davy meet us,
Arm'd with saving power direct ;
But the saint who burnt Servetus
Only spoke to " God's Elect."

Creeds were framed by tyrants, aiming
Over human rights to ride ;
Life and toil and freedom claiming,
To subserve their lawless pride.

Superstition turns from Science,
E'en as bats abhor the sun,
In her desperate, dark defiance
Conscious that her course is run.

While with dogmas dark and mystic
Mitred priests have fed their fold,
Ever still, more atheistic,
Men believe in nought but gold.

'Tis the sun of Science beaming
 In its full meridian blaze,
 Deaden'd nations yet redeeming,
 That a purer faith must raise.

With the wreck of creeds surrounded,
 While some fragment hourly falls,
 Science, on creation founded,
 Rears Religion firmer walls.

FREDERICK W. DYER.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

A TALE. BY A. T. W.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT is to be done now?" said Ethel, wearily flinging herself on the sofa; "there are three of us, and we must live."

"I don't know, I'm sure," responded Jane; "there seems no way out of this trouble but to lie down and die."

"Yes, a good decent, honest suicide is what, if I have my own way, I vote for. No slow starvation for me," quoth Marion the stout.

To introduce my heroines and their circumstances to the reader, let us glance back a few days. Any one passing up Osborne Road would have noticed the villas which stud the road on the right side. One in particular would have attracted attention—the garden blooming with rich and gay colouring, the small lawn scrupulously smooth and green. Two trees, which shaded each side of the pathway in front of the house, gave, on a hot, broiling day, such as the one on which this story opens, a sense of exquisite coolness and rest.

Who would have thought, on looking at that picture of

repose and comfort, that the occupants of the house were plunged in deepest grief—the greatest woe that heart can feel—a dying mother ?

In a room upstairs, not extravagantly by any means, yet tastefully, furnished, lay a lady on her death-bed.

Around her, kneeling, were her three daughters. Marion, the youngest, the pet of the family, was kissing her mother's hand, and weeping convulsively ; holding it, as if by main force she would keep the ruthless Destroyer from touching the one who was in all the world her nearest and dearest.

The other two, whose ages seemed to be about seventeen and nineteen, were more subdued and quiet, watching and waiting attentively, lest the last wishes should not be attended to.

No sound broke the stillness save that of Marion's heavy sobs, which, try as she would, now and again were heard.

Ethel, the eldest, whose brave soul saw all the desolation, the poverty of the future, endeavoured still to retain the mastery of her bursting heart. With unselfish anxiety, she crushed down her own pain, trying to evince her deep and pure love by assiduous devotion.

“Mother, dear mother, speak to me,” wailed Marion. “Speak to me, dear mother, speak.” Her words were broken by repeated sobs.

The widow feebly turned her head. Beautiful the face must have been, for beautiful still it was in its expression of perfect patience. Deep sorrow and bitter trials she had known, to her proud soul so bitter, so deep, that they were beyond utterance. Care could be seen in the lines about the mouth, and on the forehead, in the weary expression about the eyes ; but her daughters had never heard a word of complaint or impatience from her lips.

Since her husband's death, whilst Marion, her youngest, was but an infant, she had struggled for a hard and precarious livelihood by teaching music. Then this sudden fever, whose swift and awful course was soon to leave her beloved ones motherless, had come before she had time to think. Indeed, with all her sensitive heart, she had shrunk from thinking, shrunk from forcing her daughters to encounter the slights and sneers, the countless humiliations,

which fall to women who have to make their own way in the world.

Bitterly she regretted now her mistake in rearing them so delicately, fearful that the coming blasts of adversity would wither and destroy her much tended and cared-for blossoms.

It was this that made the widow's death-bed so hard—the thought of leaving her darlings, so young, and so innocent, made her quiver and tremble in every nerve.

Ethel gently raised her mother's head, moistening the dry, parched lips with the stimulant she so much needed.

Clasping earnestly Marion's hand in her own weak, powerless one, the mother gazed, with all her heart of love in the eyes which were fast growing dim. As if the sight was too much, their grief overpowering her, she, like Hezekiah of old, "turned her face to the wall and wept."

"My poor girls! my poor girls!" ever and anon came the weak, faint cry. Again and again was repeated, "My poor girls! my poor girls!"

Ethel kissed the face growing so grey and drawn, ominous of the death-struggle looming so near.

"Mother, dear mother, listen, I want to speak to you," said Ethel, lowering her voice earnestly. "You will believe me when I promise that Jane and Marion shall not be unprovided for. I will move heaven and earth but they shall not want."

Like a refreshing dew on the thirsting earth, after a hot parching day, came this assurance to the distraught heart. Knowing the strength of her eldest daughter's character, she implicitly trusted the devotion which thought not of self.

"Dear Ethel," and her hollow weary eyes looked gratitude and love, "My darling, will you promise me that, if possible, you will keep the home together? that, at any sacrifice, no matter how poor you may be, your sisters and you shall not be separated?" and the mother's thin, wasted hand, which until now had been held in the plump, warm clasp of her youngest child, was held out to her eldest and first born for the consent she knew would be quickly given.

"Yes, mother, I promise; do not fear for the girls or for me," Ethel answered, stifling her sobs, and caressing lovingly the hand held out.

The victory was gained. A sigh of thankfulness, of complete rest and trust, and then the mother sank back on the pillow, from which, in her eagerness, she had half raised her head.

Marion, glancing up, gave a scream. The rigid look of her mother's face frightened her. On the lips there was a smile of peace, almost of joy.

In mute agony, Ethel and Jane saw and realised that they were orphans.

CHAPTER II.

Our history opens, for history it is, of three lives, women's lives, such as we see every day around us. It was the day after the funeral. Mournfully thinking of the happy past, and their dead mother, sat the three girls; so young, and yet so thoughtful and earnest, that even now that last sacred charge, the dying wish, was constantly before them. "Keep together" had been the last injunction. Unused as they were to the effort of taking thought for the morrow, the weight of the weary burden, the ways and means, pressed heavily upon them. The responsibility of the womanhood which had been thus suddenly thrust upon them was already touching and colouring their lives with its mighty chrism of human suffering and agony.

"Now, dear girls, what are we to do to support ourselves?" again asked Ethel, the eldest, whose young, fair, sad face was shadowed by the heavy grief which had so soon enveloped all their lives. A pleasant face—not beautiful, yet winning. The earnest, thoughtful soul looked out of the clear, grey eyes. Instinctively you trusted, for you felt truth and candour were written therein.

"That is more easily asked than answered," chimed in Marion, who, unlike her two elder sisters, had the so-called feminine qualification of a fluent tongue—too fluent sometimes, her sisters thought, as she was apt to use it with more zeal than discretion. She was only fifteen, and at that age no grief, however weighty, oppresses for very long.

"I think," said Jane, who generally said what she really meant; "I think, if we were to start in business it would keep us all together, and our home too. You see, if any of us were taken ill —"

"Oh, nonsense about illness," quickly put in Marion. "None of us have had a doctor in our lives, and that says a great deal. What is the use of talking about things which may never happen."

Jane's eyes were wet with tears as she thought of that last illness which had ended so disastrously. Beautiful eyes they were; dark, liquid, intense blue, the shade of which poets dream, and call violet. The regular features and clear, soft, complexion were like her mother's, and completed a picture sweet and charming to gaze upon.

"I hardly know about business;" and Ethel thoughtfully pondered. "What line should we adopt? Dressmaking might do, and millinery. I have often admired Jane's really artistic trimming. You remember old Mrs. Mitchell; she looked like a lady after Jane had trimmed her bonnet. I have no doubt we should get on, as I am sure we should try our best to please; but then"—and a deep pause ensued—"the money!"

"How much have we left in the bank now?" asked Marion.

"About sixty pounds," answered Ethel. "You will find, in starting a business, that it is not much."

"Well, I say, we cannot all sit with folded hands and grief-stricken eyes," ejaculated Marion. "Let business be the cry. Up and doing!"

"Oh, Marion, think of what it involves," remonstrated her eldest sister.

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,' 'Strike while the iron is hot,' and other sage proverbs, prove the wisdom of my advice," laughingly responded she. "Now, Jane, have you thought it out? 'To be or not to be?'"

"If there is any chance of success, perhaps we had better try. There is a shop to let in Victoria Street, where Miss Jennings failed. That would do. [But where one has failed may not others?]"

"There goes the cautious Jane again;" and Marion mimicked Jane's unusually quiet, depressed tones. "Perhaps

we had better try. Now, with me, in downright earnest, I say, Yes, let us try, and try hard. We cannot sit in sack-cloth and ashes, and expect the ravens to come and feed us. Now, Ethel,"—pleadingly—"you'll go to-morrow, and take that shop."

"We are all agreed to take the place, and do the best we can in it, are we?" queried Ethel. "Jane, you say 'Yes,' and Marion says 'Yes,' and, for myself, I think it is the best possible thing we can do."

Next day the shop was taken by the Misses Richmond, For the few succeeding weeks, previous to the opening of the premises with a new and select stock, as the bills said, they were in a state of high excitement, rushing here and there, ordering goods, and, on arrival, displaying and arranging them. The day to open was fixed for Wednesday, and the whole of the night previous they were all up, anxiously busy putting everything in order, that the first impression on the public mind might be favourable.

The morrow—the Wednesday arrived. The small girl who had been retained since the death of their mother, nervously, and with much difficulty, the operation being new to her, took down the shutters.

Sitting at breakfast in the little room at the back of the shop, Marion was disturbed by her first customer. Peeping through the small windows which looked into the shop, she saw a boy. Arming herself with brave resolve, striving hard to still the beating of her heart, she entered.

"Please have you an empty box to spare?" was the profitable inquiry.

Poor Marion returned to her breakfast, heartily denouncing the male sex, and the smaller specimens of it in particular.

Ethel, the eldest, had been engaged, with her mother's consent, to a young lieutenant of good name and family. There may have been—who can tell?—deep down in the mother's heart, when she left that dying charge, a vision of the future, when Ethel, happily married, could have offered a home to her younger and dependent sisters. Lieutenant Gregson was very good-looking, sweet-tempered, and every-way agreeable—at least, he seemed so in his *fiancé's* eyes. There, however, were many traits in his disposition which

she had not yet discovered, obstinacy of opinion, whether right or wrong, being one.

He was very much displeased, on visiting them after their mother's death, at finding them resolved to support themselves. Independence was a word which, to his mind, should have no meaning for a woman.

Many and bitter were his thoughts when he found that his remonstrances were all thrown away. Ethel, although quiet and gentle in disposition, was firm in this. He did not know the mother's dying injunction; if he had, it might have altered matters. But to Ethel the pain was too fresh, the wound too gaping, to allow that last sad scene to be talked of.

Before he left he again tried to bring Ethel over to his views.

"My dearest Ethel, listen to reason," he said. "You know, you must know, you lose all social standing if you take up business. As ladies, you cannot be received into any good society."

"Because we earn our daily bread? Is that so contaminating that our neighbours must hold aloof?" Ethel proudly inquired.

"Why not teach music? that is preferable by far, besides being, I should say, much more pleasant. Or daily governesses? A lady in reduced circumstances might be a governess without loss of caste."

"For a very simple reason, Algernon. Neither Jane nor I have the talent for it. Marion has, but she is too young. Two or three years' more practice would be required before she could undertake the responsibility of teaching others."

"Why not marry me at once, Ethel dear?" he urged; "then you needn't have all this trouble, so unsuited to your years."

Ethel, even in her deep misery, could have laughed. The idea of the aristocratic Algernon, with his extravagant habits, making this handsome offer of himself and fortune. His income, she knew well, certainly did not cover the expense of his luxurious and self-indulgent tastes. And though she loved him, yet it seemed mean, evincing a small nature, this throwing upon her the blame of refusing

what, he knew, if she had any common sense, she could not possibly accept.

But quickly came a revulsion of feeling ; blaming herself inwardly for her doubt of him, she answered gently :

“ And load you with three burdens? One is surely sufficient, for shoulders even so broad as yours, to bear. Don't you see dear, the utter impossibility of our ever accepting the great kindness you offer us. I can't tell you how much I am grateful ; but it cannot be.”

Algernon turned hastily away, and began walking up and down the room.

Ethel, gazing out of the window, turned white and cold. Though the war was raging between love and duty, brave and loyal as she was, the thought never came of shrinking from her unselfish task of providing for her sisters.

The white, cold chill was but the foreshadowing of the coming loneliness, the hopeless despair of the future years. To her clear sight the shadow of the future was stretching far into the dark and dismal years ; the fear, the dread, were but the foreboding echoes of her own sinking heart.

“ Now, Ethel, am I to take that as your final answer ?” said he, coming to where she stood. He looked out also at the pleasant shady picture. The slight wind rustling through the leaves made cool and pleasant the hot August day.

“ Oh ! Algernon, how can you ask ? You know I have no alternative,” softly and gently she replied ; for the hopeless task of reasoning with him seemed utterly futile.

Mary, the maid, who assisted them in their housekeeping, now knocked at the door. “ Come in ” was uttered. “ Tea is ready, miss,” put an end to the weary dialogue.

When he went back to his station the coolness between the lovers was very apparent. Ethel, when she bade him adieu, was grieved to her heart's depths at his indifference. But pride was strong in her young heart ; not for worlds would she have shown that his conduct pained and affected her.

Thus they parted. A few cold lines on his arrival assuring her of his safety, accompanied by a few cool, cutting, sarcastic words, strongly conveying his condemnation of her conduct.

Thus ended “ Love's Young Dream.”

CHAPTER III.

Ethel one day, six months later, was standing in the shop, arranging and choosing some ribbons, lace, and trimmings, for a dress which was ordered for a party on Christmas Eve.

In high spirits she sang to herself some of the old familiar songs which used to be favourites in that happy time not so long ago. And yet to her it seemed ages; for, after all, it is by experience we measure life, not time. The world is a hard and bitter teacher.

Marion had been sent down to town to match some silk and flowers which were not in stock, and Jane was busy in the back-shop frilling tarlatan, and edging it with lace.

"Jane," called out Ethel, "has it never struck you as being strange that the Burnetts have never called? Annie and you were great friends at school. I remember mamma and I used to laugh because you were inseparable."

Jane, to whose mind the same idea had long since been a cause of trouble, in vain had pondered as to whether she could possibly have offended Annie. From little children they had been friends, had gone to the same school, been in the same class, and had been as devoted to each other as girls could be. When she had told Annie, after their mother's death, about their plans, she seemed pleased. After their removal, however, she had never called to see or hear how they were prospering.

"We live so faraway, Ethel, you see, that Annie perhaps cannot find time to come such a distance," answered she. Not for worlds would she pain her sister by the expression of the conviction which had been slowly forming in her mind.

"Yes; but it is strange," persisted Ethel, "that none of them—not even Mrs. Burnett—has ever called, or dropped a line to inquire after our welfare. And they made so much of you, too; that is what excites my wonder. It surely cannot be because we are in business. No one would be so despicably paltry as that.

Jane made no reply. With a quiet, observant temperament she judged calmly of people and their actions. While she herself was incapable of acting otherwise than honour-

ably, she recognised that to many honour, and goodness, and virtue were simply as so many empty names. The thing they worshipped, the thing they craved for, was not honour, but "gold." Money, and its omnipotent influence and position, was the God at whose shrine they offered sacrifice.

"I don't understand it," still continued Ethel. "It cannot be the business, because, when the day after mamma's funeral, you remember we discussed our chances of living, and thought that business would be the best, as it would keep us all together. Well, when Mrs. Burnett called that day, I told her, and asked her advice. She praised us for independence, though, at the same time, I scarcely understood what she meant. Such intelligent girls as ourselves would get on there was no fear; anything she could do to recommend us; and—ever so much that I cannot remember."

Here Marion coming in prevented Jane, much to her relief, from replying. Ethel, busily engaged in criticising the shade of the silk, did not at first notice her sister's flushed and tear-stained face.

"Oh! Marion, what is the matter?" she said, suddenly perceiving her sister's distress.

Jane, whose flounce was now finished, came into the shop.

"Here, Ethel, see if you like it," she was saying, when she stopped short.

"Oh! Marion, tell me if there is anything wrong," she said in a distressed tone.

Ethel's anxiety was equally aroused. The two elder girls glanced wistfully at each other, not knowing what to do.

"Now, Marion, don't keep us in suspense," pleaded the eldest.

Marion, trying to escape upstairs, murmured something which sounded indistinctly like a "headache." She was detained by Jane, who, quickly putting her back to the door, gently kept hold of her arm.

"Now, dear, do tell us what it is," implored Ethel. "It cannot be anything so very bad."

Constrained and brought to bay as Marion was on all sides by the enemy, she wisely capitulated.

“Oh! it's nothing worth fretting about; only that the Hastings passed me just now.”

“Passed you without speaking to you?” queried both sisters at once, in astonished, incredulous surprise.

“Yes; I saw them looking in a shop-window, and crossed over to speak to them. Mrs. Hastings, as soon as she caught sight of me, saw something she wanted to buy, and hurried into the shop as fast as she could. Margaret was with her, and was going to speak, but her mamma called her away before she had time to say anything.”

Ethel and Jane looked blankly in each other's face.

Quickly recovering herself, and making an effort to appear natural, Ethel laughed lightly.

“You've been mistaken. No one would purposely do such a thing. Mrs. Hastings hasn't seen you, that's all. You jealous-minded little girl, run away, and change your dress.”

As soon as Marion had gone the two sisters sat down to sew. After some time, without raising her head, Ethel spoke.

“I see now to what I've wilfully closed my eyes for some time past. All our old friends avoid us. In business—ah! it is really too low, my dear;” and Ethel, throwing back her head with the old imperious gesture, shrugged her shoulders as she imitated the fine, mincing tones of some of her lady acquaintances.

To the quiet Jane, who long since had recognised the loss of social caste, Marion's tale afforded no news.

“Well, it seems to me,” went on Ethel, who was pained and indignant to her heart's core, “that uprightness of conduct, purity, and goodness—all the virtues which call forth our admiration and esteem—are estimated in the world's eyes as so much dross compared to the bright, shining gold, ‘gold.’ Unless this had come under my personal experience, I should have refused to believe it. That genuine honesty is nothing unless backed by a banking account, if, unfortunately, it happens to be poor, slighted, and sneered down, seems to me incredible.”

“Money and position are always worshipped,” said Jane. “We should not care, as it is not worth caring for. Don't you think, so long as we know we are doing right, that

there is no need to vex ourselves? Make the best of circumstances, and there's no telling what may happen. The wheel of fortune has many vagaries ; perhaps we may be at the top yet."

"Ever the right comes uppermost, and ever is justice done," quoted Ethel, sadly. "Let us hope that the future may have some recompense in store."

"In the meantime, working and hoping patiently," Jane cheerily responded. "Perhaps, in after years, we shall look back and laugh at ourselves—laugh at ourselves for being so easily wounded. Seeing more of people, we shall, by experience, be better able to understand and appreciate them at their true value. Mayhap, in the time to come, we shall gaze in wonder at memory's vision when we recall how hurt and grieved we were at the slights given by those upon whom now waste no other feeling than that of thorough, hearty contempt."

(To be continued.)

A LESSON FOR THE CHILDREN.

A FARMER brought with him from the city five of the most beautiful peaches that it is one's good fortune to see. Now his children had never before seen this fruit. Therefore they were much pleased, and they admired the beautiful "apples," with their rosy cheeks and soft down. Thereupon the father divided them among his four boys, giving one to their mother.

At evening, as the children were going to bed, the father asked, "Well, how have you relished the beautiful apples?"

"Gloriously, dear father," said the eldest. "It is a beautiful fruit, so sour and yet so mild to the taste ; I have carefully saved the stone, and out of it will produce a tree."

"Excellent !" said the father ; "that is prudently caring for the future, as it becomes a farmer."

"I immediately ate mine," cried the youngest, "and

threw away the stone, and mother gave me half of hers. Oh, it tasted so sweet! it makes one's mouth water."

"Well," said the father, "you have not been very wise, but have acted naturally and in a childish manner. There is room enough for prudence in your life."

Then began the second son: "I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away, and cracked it. There was a kernel in it that tasted as sweet as a nut. But my peach I sold, and I received so much money for it that I can buy twelve of them when I go to the city."

The father shook his head, and said: "That is wise indeed, but not in the least child-like and natural. Heaven keep you, that you may not become a merchant!"

"And you, Edmund?" questioned the father.

Frank and honest Edmund replied: "I carried my peach to sick George, our neighbour's son, who has the fever. He did not wish to take it, but I placed it on the bed beside him, and came away."

"Now," said the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?"

Then the three cried: "Brother Edmund!" But Edmund remained silent, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.—*Selected.*

REVIEWS, NOTES ON BOOKS, &c.

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